

A N *Supplement*  
ACCOUNT  
OF A  
DREAM  
AT  
HARWICH.

In a LETTER to a Member  
of Parliament about the *Camisars*.

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*Ambitio multos Mortales falsos fieri coegit, &c.*  
Salust. de Bell. Catil.

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L O N D O N,  
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M. DCC. VIII.



*An ACCOUNT of a  
Strange Dream of  
A—r M—m.*

*In a LETTER to an Enemy of the  
Camifars, who had been for their  
being treated with the utmost Rigour.*

*S I R,*

**I**T being common for People at this time to send New-Year's Gifts to their Friends, I beg you will accept from me what I have to give you; which is only a very odd Dream that happen'd to me while we lay waiting for our Passage at this place. But instead of making you any excuse for what some would call a wild and impertinent Present, I must be so free with you to tell you, I think it extremely proper, and what may do you a real Service, if you make a right use of it. For this being an Instance of the Power of



wild Fancy, may serve to convince you how much I was in the right in my Thoughts of those mad Prophets among the Refugees (the *Camisars*) who always pity'd them as Fools and mistaken People; while you with an outrageous Zeal were for their being punish'd as Knaves and Rascals. You will see by it, it is not singular to them to have whimsical Dreams; and how easy one that has not a steady Contempt for them, may be led by such a Dream to imagine strange things. So that tho I have had as odd a Dream as any of theirs, without thinking, far less concluding any thing from it; I may yet see enough by it to pity those, who by another way of thinking are by such Accidents mistaken.

The day after we came hither, I was on a sudden taken with a Drowsiness so insupportable, that tho it was not an Hour of Rest, I was forc'd to submit to it; and sleeping, soon found my self in a Croud of People holding their Fingers in their Ears, and most of them had their Eyes fast, but all half-shut: and with them carry'd into, and mix'd with another Croud, where I saw nothing but Disorder and Confusion, Treachery and Violence; every one complaining of his Neighbour, but none so much as attempting to put a stop to the mischief. Some were undermining Foundations, others plucking up Fences; some were untiling Churches, others forcing the Town-House to maintain the Riot.

To increase the Distraction, there were running about among them a great number of Men with impudent Faces, some of them shabby, others very well dress'd, and many with  
Coronets



Coronets on their Heads; these were sometimes whispering, and others talking aloud, and chawing in their mouths, some Shillings and Sixpences, the better sort Guineas and Leuidores. They had written on their Backs, in pretty plain Characters (*The LIARS*) which I did not perceive they were in the least uneasy at. The Tumult, and my Amazement increasing, I jog'd one of my first Companions, who being very numerous, and seeming civil Persons, I thought might put some stop to the Mischief: but what I thought wonderfully strange, there were a sort of Fellows among them with great Bags of Sugar-Plums; and if one of them did but open an Eye, or lift a Finger from an Ear, one of these presently pop'd a Sugar-Plum in his Mouth, and he sprung immediately into his old posture. At last wondering what could be the meaning of all this profligate Crew, I look'd about till I saw one, who by the Dissatisfaction of his Looks I guess'd did not belong to them: and taking Courage, I beg'd him to be so charitable to a Stranger as to guide me safe out; and farther; if I might be so bold to ask him what was the Occasion and Design of that Variety of Wickedness before us, and the stupid Neglect of those who seem'd yet to be sober orderly People, when to my apprehension all was going to Desolation (for by this time room was made for some of the chief Magistrates of the Town to come in, which had rais'd my hopes it had been to take the Offenders to task; but I was baulk'd, by seeing some Tables brought in, and a part of them being sat down at one, burst out a laughing at all they saw, and calling for Bot-

bles of Wine, minded no more what was doing about them: Another Set of them sat down at another, and went to play: Those that sat down at the third, calling for Clerks and Papers, I thought would do something; but to my surprize, it was only to order a Collection, for the better Maintenance of a Puppet-Shew.) He with great Humanity answer'd my Request, and told me, The great Design of these Wretches was to set the Town on fire, and deliver the Spoil with the Inhabitants to a Set of Robbers, who were waiting at some distance to receive the Prey: That those I saw would neither see nor hear, were the Owners of the Houses in the Town, and the Fields about it.

I answer'd, with begging he would excuse my belief, that any number of Mankind, however extravagant and thoughtless, could intend so barbarous a thing; or that if any were so wicked, that the Owners being so many, and having no Force put on 'em, would be willingly deaf and blind, if that were the case. But he told me, 'twas my Want of Judgment or Reflection made the first Objection; for I should find it a certain Truth, that when Men had once lost their Virtue, and were grown profligate, they are capable of any thing their Interest or Pleasure shall prompt them to do; and that those I had seen had not any left to hinder them, their infamous Behaviour made evident. The other Objection he answer'd, by bidding me look up to two steep Hills on the West of us, and I should see the Owners were under the Force of a strong Enchantment.

I then

I then cast my eyes up, and saw on one a Horseman in Golden Armour, all ingrav'd with divers Figures : what they were, at the distance I was, I could not discern; only the Sun shining on his Shield, I clearly saw on that was the Figure of *Judas Iscariot*. He was at the head of great numbers, facing the Robbers, as if he meant to destroy them all in a moment : But tho his Followers were all furious, and seem'd in earnest to intend their Destruction, and often burst out, and made sad havock among them ; tho the Robbers look'd in terrible fear of them, and gave way whenever they advanc'd ; he always restrain'd them, when they went too far, or were like totally to suppress them. (My Guide told me, it had happen'd to several of those who had been too forward, that he stamp'd a Mark on their Forehead, and sent them down immediately into the Croud, where every one found fault with them.) On his Right Hand stood one in Armour of polish'd Steel, and of an extraordinary Brightness : His Countenance was open and bold, and his Eyes flam'd with Fire. He had on his right Arm a heavy Cramp, yet with his left (as my Guide inform'd me) he had several times almost routed the Enemy. The other could never look him full in the face, but when (as he often did) he bow'd to him ; tho he smil'd and caress'd him, yet when he met the Fire of his Eye, he look'd askance, and turn'd pale. While we were gazing, I saw advance at the head of a small number, and rush down the Hill on a Band of the Robbers, a shining Youth, on whom every Eye was fix'd ; wherever he came, they fell before him,



him, until we saw his Horse kill'd under him : but before the Enemy had time to express their Joy, or his Followers their Fear, we saw him remounted ; and having totally routed all before him, he rode up to the Man in Golden Armour, who with all his Followers saluted him with a Respect that made me very curious to know what he was, but my Guide would not tell me. The Horseman in golden Armour, with a disorder'd Countenance, mutter'd something to him ; on which the Youth, with a disdainful Look, return'd answer in a haughty and threatening Tone, and gallop'd out of sight, leaving the Horseman with his Teeth all shattering in his Head for fear. He had a thousand *Mercurys* hovering continually about him, flying backwards and forwards from him to the Croud. These had power, whoever they whisper'd to, to make all they said believ'd, tho a flat Contradiction. One of them flew near my Guide, who no sooner look'd on him and frown'd, but his Wings flutter'd, and with difficulty he recover'd, and flew up to the other Hill. My Eyes following his Flight, I saw there,

An old swarthy Man, his Countenance peevish and scornful, sitting on a round Ball, on the edge of a Precipice ; his Seat ever tottering. But which surpriz'd me the most, was five or six Jugglers, who only with their Breath shook and fasten'd it at their pleasure. He had a Stick in his Right Hand, in his Left a Pack of Cards ; before him was a Table, one end of which was fill'd with Dice, and all sorts of Coin ; and the other with Heaps of Papers and Accounts : at each end was a great  
number

number of Attendants, only I thought those at the end I first nam'd (tho much the best drest) most of them look'd very foolish, and were ever putting up their Perukes, and scratching their Heads. Down this Hill were many crooked Paths, one among the rest, just at the Back of the old Man, where all the Messengers past muffled; and when they had in hast whisper'd something in the old Man's Ear, and in the same manner receiv'd their Answer, ran down again: their way led to a Village at some Distance, where all the Fields were cover'd with Lillies.

The other Paths led all to the Croud where we were, to the other Hill, and to some neighbouring Villages, in all which were People constantly passing. I was diverted from seeing any more on these Hills by a Noise and Outcry in the Croud, that the Town was already on Fire at the North-end, and a Band of the Robbers broke in: But this was soon over, and they retir'd; however it recover'd many from their Blindness, and made them think of their Danger. But presently I saw the old Man on the Hill shake his Stick, and these mounted up to him by several Paths in a trice, kneel'd down, receiv'd his Blessing, and swore they would never see nor hear again while they liv'd. There stood by me half a dozen pert young Fellows, who swore they would see things mended, and bring down the Conjuror. I was pleas'd with them; but in a moment some cunning Whipsters came down the Hill, pick'd their Pockets, and carry'd them up to him; where being touch'd with his Stick, they came down again, and  
ran

ran about the Croud swearing all was well.

Hearing a great Bustle, some laughing and mocking, and pointing with their Fingers, others cursing, swearing and stamping, I look'd what it might be; when I saw a Set of grave Persons pass by, shrugging their Shoulders, and making Signs of Discontent.

No Inchantment had power over these; they were some of them in square Caps, others in Habit and Mien seem'd Persons of Quality; some were in Gowns like our Judges, others like our Clergymen; some dress'd like Gentlemen, and some few in long Clokes and little Bands.

I ask'd my Guide who these were, being such a mixture of all sorts of People. He told me these were the true Friends of the Town, whose Virtue had preserv'd them from the Conjuror's Power. I observ'd them all the way they pass'd, and that all the Messengers from the Hills left all their Works to watch every Step they made, and the *Mercurys* flew about whispering Scandal. I look'd up the two Hills, the Horseman in golden Armour smil'd, and bow'd as they pass'd; but when they were gone, bit his Fingers for Rage, stamp'd, and curs'd them all. The old Man, that sat on the other Hill, frown'd, and held down his Head, trembling till they were out of Sight. I would fain have follow'd them, but my Guide stopt me; when hearing a great rejoicing and shouting, I turn'd my Head, and saw another Set of Men pass by, in Habit and Semblance like the former. But to my wonder, these ran among the Croud, and embrac'd the greatest Miscreants; those of them who  
shut



shut their Eyes, and stopt their Ears, and were grown weary of the Posture, these stopt their Ears with Wax, and put out their Eyes: They worship'd the Horseman in Golden Armour, run up the Hill to the Enchanter, kneel'd down before him, receiv'd his Blessing, came down among the Croud, encourag'd every Disorder, and pass'd on murmuring against them that had gone before, and cursing them and their Supporter. I was now more astonish'd than ever, to see Men of such fair Appearance, as they were all, and of such Habits as some of them, do these things, partaking of their impious Feasts, and winking at the most enormous Crimes; and I would have fain spoke to one of them, but my Guide would not suffer me, assuring me if I did he could not protect me from their Rage, giving me for a Rule, that those that know they do ill are never to be medled with.

I then beg'd he would be so charitable to let me understand the meaning of what I had seen: But he made me no Answer, but told me if I was weary of the Croud, he would shew me a new Scene.

I follow'd him thro many Places, till we came to one all in Mourning; there I saw those Persons, who had first past the Croud, all looking up to a Place like a Throne.

And there sat under a Purple Shade one whose every Look, and every Motion, spoke Majesty, and Goodness, Justice, and Truth. Sad and dejected was the Posture; yet calm and serene; none that look'd that way but bless'd, and every Tongue prais'd this Appearance; some few from the Croud excepted,

ted, who with envious Eyes paid a forc'd Homage, while they whisper'd Curfes; and their Looks, disorder'd with various Passions, distinguish'd them from the rest.

On the right hand sat an oldish Woman, of a fair Countenance, in youthful Dress; her Chin and Nose turning up, her Eyes glaring like Lightning, blasted all she had power over with strange Diseases. Out of her Nostrils came a sulphurous Smoke, and out of her Mouth Flames of Fire. Her Hair was frizled, and adorn'd with Spoils of ruin'd People; her Neck bare, with Chains about it of Dice, mix'd with Pieces of Gold; which ratling, made a horrid Noise, for her Motions were all fierce and violent, her Garment was all stain'd with Tears and Blood: There hung about her several Pieces of Parchment, with Bits of Wax at the end, with Figures engraved on them. She cast her Eyes often with Rage and Fury on that bright Appearance I have describ'd, over whom having no force, she toss'd her Head with Disdain, and glared about on her Votarys, till we saw several possess'd with her. One was a bulky Figure in white from the Altar, who lay a while convuls'd, then ran distracted among a *Bacchanalian* Crew, follow'd by many in like sort, and such Habit. I ask'd my Guide where they went; he told me it was to a Temple she had caus'd to be erected, and dedicated to her Pride, where she had Priests and Priestesses maintain'd to sing her Praises, to worship her, and teach Disorder and Vice, giving such Rules as might for ever rase out all Notions of Sobriety, Modesty, Justice or Truth. The

The Assembly now broke up, and finding my self alone with my Guide, I again earnestly beg'd him to explain what I had seen: To which he made me this Answer.

The last Scene is enough to satisfy you, since there you have seen the Authors of all the Good and Evil that has happen'd to our Town. The first you saw, under the Purple Shade, is the Guardian Angel of the Town and all the neighbouring Villages, and is design'd by Fate to be their Preserver and Deliverer: But for the Punishment of some Crimes committed by the Inhabitants, that other Figure you saw, and which is indeed a Fury (as much disguis'd as a Fury can be) has Permission for a determin'd time to fix her Seat, with audacious Impudence, hard by the Angel; and with her Darkness to obscure its Light, intercepting every good Influence; and has power to cause all the Distractions you have seen: for all the Villanys both in the Croud and on the Hills, are contriv'd and acted by Fiends, under her Direction; yet her Power is limited, and the Angel has hitherto sav'd the Town from the last Desolation; without whose Controul this Pest had long e'er now burnt it to Ashes, and deliver'd the Spoil to the Robbers.

The Sadness you see in the Countenance, and the mourning Posture of the Angel, proceed from Compassion to the Inhabitants, and Grief for the Mischiefs occasion'd by the Fury, with a just Indignation at her Power and Insolence; yet calm and serene, from Knowledg that a Day is written in the Book of Fate (and by a clearer Sight discerning



on the Forehead of the Fury, what you could not perceive, those Letters *M. M. T. U.* knows it is not far off) when all these Evils shall be dissipated: Then shall the Fury be burnt in Flames, kindled by her Breath on the Parchment hung about her; all Inchantment shall cease, the Juglers shall no more preserve the Conjuror from falling down the Precipice, and being dash'd in a thousand Pieces; the Horseman in Golden Armour shall no longer restrain those behind from totally destroying the Robbers; every Body will then see and hear, and bring the Miscreants and Deceivers to their deserv'd Punishment. The People shall rise with one Consent, and pull down the Temple, and all the Palaces of the Fury, and with loudest Acclamations bless the Angel, who then shall dispense benign Influences of Health, Safety and Prosperity to the Town and every adjacent Village. At this word my Guide vanish'd, and I awak'd with the Surprize in so much Disorder, that to make my Confession to you, Sir, had *Facio* been with me, he might easily, for some hours, have persuaded me I had seen a Vision (for without any such help, it was with Difficulty, and some Hours, before I could persuade my self there was not something extraordinary in the Matter) and with such Impressions I might perhaps in a day or two have come to Ecstasys. But my good Fortune, in having wiser Company, and Resolution to overcome these Imaginations, I think I use well, when it makes me pity, and not insult those, who falling into such Accidents, are less happy. No, Sir, you have certainly  
been

been in the wrong to these poor People;  
 their Error is unavoidable, and they Objects  
 of Pity, not Severity: and till you can con-  
 vince me a Man can dream at pleasure, you  
 shall never persuade me he can reasonably be  
 blam'd for any Extravagance in a Dream.

When the House rises, you will, I imagine,  
 have leisure to oblige me with your Thoughts  
 of this; which if you please to direct for  
 me, to be left at Mr. Lilly's at the *Hague*, it  
 will come safe to him who is with Truth,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

*Harwich, Dec. 21.  
 1708.*

*A. M.*

My Fellow-Travellers give  
 you their Service.

F I N I S.

in the wrong to these poor People;  
Error is unavoidable, and they Objects  
Fitz, not severity: and till you can con-  
vince me a Man can dream at pleasure, you  
will never persuade me he can reasonably be  
led for any Extravagance in a Dream.  
When the House rises, you will, I imagine,  
be willing to oblige me with your Thoughts  
this; which if you please to direct for  
to be sent at Mr. A's at the Hague, it  
will come late to him, who is with Trench,



Your humble Servant,

A.M.

London, Dec. 21.  
1708.

My Fellow-Travellers give  
you their Service.

FINIS



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TOY